

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 36.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1852.

{ PRICE 1d.
{ STAMPED 2d.



SKETCHES OF EMIGRANT LIFE:—TRANSPORT OF WOOL FROM THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

AUSTRALIA.

V.—NEW SOUTH WALES AND VICTORIA.

In closing this series of papers on Australia, we propose to give some details relative to the two colonies to which the tide of emigration is now

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flowing, of an historical, topographical, statistical, and miscellaneous nature.

I.—NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE oldest, most extensive, and populous colony of Australia received its name from Captain Cook,

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who fancied that portions of its scenery bore a strong resemblance to that of the southern part of Wales, in the mother-country. It stretches along the shore of the Pacific Ocean, upwards of 1000 miles northwards from Cape Howe, the extreme south point; and has a coast indented with numerous bays, well adapted as anchorage ground for vessels of the largest size. Inland it extends to the 141st degree of east longitude, which is the artificial boundary from South Australia—a distance of more than 500 miles. The province of Victoria lies on the south, from which it is divided generally by the Murray river. Owing to its northern limits being at present undefined, the area cannot be given, but it may be roughly estimated at fully ten times the size of England. The settlement of this great region as a place of exile for criminals, commenced in the year 1788, when a number of male and female convicts, with officers and privates, under Captain A. Phillip, governor of the projected colony, arrived at Botany Bay. This spot had been so named by the naturalists of Cook's expedition, owing to the diversity of its vegetation. But it was at once seen to be a wholly ineligible site; and the magnificent estuary of Port Jackson being discovered a few miles to the north, the fleet removed thither, without any of the transports having been disembarked. "On the evening of the 25th of January," says the official account, "Governor Phillip arrived in Port Jackson, and anchored off the mouth of the cove intended for the settlement. The spot chosen for this purpose was at the head of the cove, near a run of fresh water which stole silently through a very thick wood, the stillness of which had then, for the first time since the creation, been interrupted by the rude sound of the labourer's axe and the downfall of its ancient inhabitants; a stillness and tranquillity which were from that day to give place to the noise of labour, the confusion of camps and towns, and the busy hum of its new possessors. The whole of the party then present were assembled at the point where they had first landed, and on which a flag-staff had been purposely erected, and a union jack displayed, when the mariners fired several volleys. A portable canvass-house, brought over for the governor, was erected on the east side of the cove, which was named Sydney. Every person belonging to the settlement being landed, the numbers amounted to 1030 persons. As soon as the hurry and tumult necessarily attending the disembarkation had a little subsided, the governor caused his Majesty's commission, appointing him to be his Captain-General and Governor-in-chief, in and over the territory of New South Wales and its dependencies, to be publicly read, together with letters patent for establishing courts of civil and criminal judicature in the territory."

Such is the recorded account of the first settlement of the parent colony of Australia, and of Sydney, its capital. The infant establishment underwent great privations for some time, owing to the hostility of the natives, and want of provisions, supplies from home being lost by shipwreck. It made little progress till governor Macquarie's administration commenced in 1810. From this date, during a period of twelve years, great attention was paid to the moral and instructional improvement of the convict population; the passage of

the Blue Mountains was effected; the fine pastoral region of Bathurst to the westward was discovered; and the general capabilities of the country becoming widely known, numbers of reputable individuals were attracted to its shores. It has since advanced with rapid strides to a high state of prosperity and improvement, justifying the remark of Strzelecki, that the Anglo-Saxon reproduces his country wherever he hoists his country's flag. This progress has been made in the teeth of peculiarly unpropitious circumstances; for, expressly originated as a penal settlement, and continually receiving importations of infamous and daring offenders to undergo their punishment—the sweepings of English, Irish, and Scotch jails—the colony has had the most frightful moral and social evils entailed upon it by the convict system. Prisoners absconding from the masters to whom they were assigned as bondmen, or especially from the government gangs, became bushrangers, the Ishmaels of the wilderness, whose hands were against every man, and roamed the country as brigands, well armed and mounted, in search of plunder, to the terror of settlers and the discouragement of enterprise. Others, upon the expiration of their sentences, merging in the general mass of society, with characters unreformed, contributed to demoralize the community by their habits of debauchery and crime. But an end has been put to these evils in their grosser form. Transportation to New South Wales ceased in the year 1840; and owing to the fact of the more dissolute of the felon class having died off, added to the great influx of respectable immigrants, the taint of convictism is now confined to a comparatively limited circle, while vigorous religious and instructional efforts have had an improving effect upon the general state of society. Still intemperance, gambling, an insatiable love of money, and a somewhat lax commercial morality are lamentably prevalent vices.

The population of the colony stood as follows at the last census, 1851:—Sydney and suburbs, 53,924; country towns, 33,206; rural districts, 100,013; total, 187,243. It appears from the details of the census, that the proportions of professional men, clerical, legal, and medical, to all other persons, is considerably greater in the colony than in England.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and according to the aspirations of its inhabitants, destined to be the metropolis of a great Australian empire, was so called in honour of Viscount Sydney, who was Secretary of State for the colonies at the time of its foundation. It is situated on the southern shores of Port Jackson, a harbour capable of accommodating the shipping of a maritime empire, rarely surpassed by any other known port for convenience and beauty. The inlet received its name under somewhat singular circumstances. Soon after Captain Cook's expedition left Botany Bay, the first spot at which he cast anchor in Australia, a seaman named Jackson who had the look-out at the mast-head of the Endeavour, hailed an opening in the coast, now called "Sydney Heads," and forthwith announced a harbour in sight. The intelligence was duly conveyed to the commander, who being at dinner was in no hurry to appear on deck. When he did so, the opening had become nearly shut in, owing to the speed at which the ship was going. Unable, therefore, to perceive any

indications of an important inlet, the great navigator reprimanded the seaman for needlessly disturbing him. Upon the man persisting in the truth of his statement, Cook, still dubious, replied, "We will call the harbour by your name;" and as Port Jackson, it was marked in the ship's log, with the description of "boat harbour" appended to it. Eighteen years later, the vigilance of the seaman was vindicated by Captain Phillip, who while in search of a location for the first settlement, stopped to examine the inlet so marked in Cook's chart, and rediscovered the noble estuary. The coast in the neighbourhood is bold, and in many places perpendicular, resembling in general effect and outline our own Dover, only the cliffs, being sandstone, are darker coloured. Suddenly the voyager comes to a breach in the sea-wall, from one to two miles wide, guarded on each side by majestic headlands, known as the North and South Heads, between which he passes from the tempest-tossed ocean into tranquil land-locked waters. The estuary extends upwards of twenty miles inland, when it terminates in a creek, called the Paramatta River, from the town of that name on its banks. It is, in fact, a vast collection of bays, or coves as they are locally termed, meaning harbours on a smaller scale. Sailing on its surface the scene is animated and beautiful in the extreme. Noble vessels are seen riding at anchor; steamers and small crafts are plying in all directions; picturesque islets charm the eye; while the shores, covered in various places with gum-trees, different species of Banksia and other peculiar shrubs, remind the emigrant of his removal from the hedgerows, hollies, and elms of England.

Viewed from the direction of the sea, Sydney wears a most pleasing and busy aspect, extending full two miles along the southern shore, and situated about seven miles from the Heads. Long ranges of stone warehouses, roomy wharves, and the usual adjuncts of commerce, fringe the water-side; behind these appear the churches, and public buildings, with the luxuriant foliage of many graceful trees intermingling with them; while the heights of Woollomooloo, a native name, from the background, are crowned with the residences of the opulent classes. On landing, the new-comer may find it difficult for a moment to realize the fact of being near the antipodes of his native land, as he listens to the cry of "Cab, sir!" or hears an omnibus driver salute him with "Paddington," the name of one of the suburbs. But if he visits the Market-place, in the centre of the city, he may see something very un-English—beef and mutton selling at a penny or twopence per pound, turtle retailed at about the same price, and pine-apples and bananas as plentiful as vegetables at Covent-garden. There is a magnificent government-house, of recent erection, in the Tudor style; an ample supply of places of worship, with benevolent and scholastic institutions. There is likewise a botanical garden, and a fashionable drive, or Hyde Park. Sydney College, devoted to the higher branches of education, was founded by a convict, a skilful physician, transported for his share in a fatal duel, who nobly endeavoured to repair the injury he had done to society by a subsequent career of usefulness. The population, including the suburbs, according to religious profession, ranged as follows, in 1851:—

Church of England	24,746
Church of Scotland	4,473
Wesleyan Methodists	3,133
Other Protestants	4,454
Total Protestants	36,806
Roman Catholics	16,134
Jews	618
Mohammedans and Pagans	76
Other persuasions	291
Total	53,924

After the capital, though far inferior to it, the principal provincial towns are:—Paramatta, distant 15 miles; Liverpool, 20; Windsor, 34; and Bathurst, 121 miles. Sydney is 587 miles overland from Melbourne, 641 from Geelong, 1100 by sea from Adelaide, 13,288 from Southampton, England, by the isthmus of Suez, and 12,700 by the isthmus of Panama. By Act of Parliament, passed in 1850, the Crown is empowered to erect the territories north of the 30th degree of south latitude into a distinct colony, which will form the separate government of North Australia.

II.—VICTORIA.

THIS fine province embraces the most southerly portion of Australia. It stretches from the Murray on the north to the remarkable projection of Wilson's Promontory; a mass of granite twenty miles long, by from six to fourteen wide, rising to the height of 3000 feet, and connected with the island-continent by a low sandy isthmus. The district lies directly opposite to Van Diemen's Land, from which it is separated by the channel of Bass's Straits, and is equidistant from Sydney and South Australia. Roughly estimating its extent, it may be stated at 250 miles from north to south, and 500 from east to west, with a coast-line of about 600 miles, indented with capacious havens, the whole area embracing 80,000 square miles, being about equal to that of Great Britain. Owing to its greater distance from the tropics, it enjoys a more moderate temperature than the adjoining colonies; and possesses a larger quantity of lake, river, and surface water. The soil being also more extensively adapted for the best cereal agriculture, as well as for pastoral purposes, it has superior capabilities for maintaining a large population upon a limited territory; and seems destined on that account to become the great centre of Australian civilization. Sir Thomas Mitchell, one of its early explorers, struck with the appearance of its green hills and flowery plains, proposed to name the region Australia Felix. It was commonly known as the Port Phillip district, while included in the government of New South Wales; but owing to the great distance from Sydney, along with a rapid rise to prosperity, it was formed into a distinct colony in 1850, under the name of the province of Victoria, receiving a local governor and legislature.

This fertile tract of country had no permanent connexion with the civilized world till so recent a date as the year 1835, when a number of graziers from Van Diemen's Land removed their flocks and herds to the locality, obtaining large tracts of pasture ground from the aborigines of Port Phillip. A singular adventure occurred to a party of the early settlers, which deserves to be related. They were living in a rudely constructed hut, with several

native families encamped around them, when an individual was observed, whose appearance caused great surprise and some alarm. This was a man of gigantic stature, his height being six feet, six inches. He was enveloped in a kangaroo skin rug, had a long beard, and was armed with spear, shield, and club. The settlers believed him to be some great chief, and were in no little trepidation as to whether his intentions were friendly or not. Their astonishment rose to the highest pitch, when it became apparent that his features were European; and after considerable difficulty, he was ascertained to be an Englishman. The tall savage at first gazed listlessly upon his curious observers; but when accosted, he seemed to be roused from his lethargy, and was observed to repeat slowly the words uttered, as if memory was seeking to bring back some long-forgotten ideas. He could not in the least express himself in English; but after the lapse of ten or twelve days, he was enabled to speak it with tolerable fluency, though he frequently inadvertently used the language of the natives. His name was Buckley. The following is an outline of his curious story:—Buckley was born in Cheshire, and having entered the army, was, after two or three years' service, transported for life, having at Gibraltar, with six others, threatened the life of his commanding officer, the Duke of Kent, the father of our present queen. He arrived at Port Phillip in 1802, with a detachment of prisoners, under lieutenant-governor Collins, who was instructed to found a penal establishment at that place. Circumstances proving unpropitious to this design, the governor re-embarked the convicts, sailed to Van Diemen's Land, and commenced the settlement now known as Hobart Town. But before this removal took place, Buckley, with two other men, named Marmon and Pye, effected their escape, and took to the woods. The latter speedily left his companions intending to return to a convict state, being exhausted for want of food and other privations. Marmon finally imitated his example; but neither of them was ever heard of afterwards. Buckley, thus left alone, continued his wanderings along the beach, and completed the circuit of Port Phillip. He afterwards proceeded a considerable distance along the coast towards Cape Otway; but becoming weary of a lonely and precarious existence, he also endeavoured to rejoin his countrymen. Soon after he had reached, on his way back, the neighbourhood of Indented Head, the solitary fell in with the aborigines; and with them he continued to live till July 12, 1835, a period of thirty-three years, during which he never saw the face of a white man, and had entirely dismissed the outward characteristics of a civilized being. His memory failed him as to dates, but he supposed his encounter with the natives to have occurred about twelve months after his absconding. They received him with great kindness. He attached himself to the chief, named Nullaboins, and accompanied him in all his wanderings. For the first few years, his mind and time were fully occupied in guarding against the treachery of strange blacks, and in procuring food. He speedily acquired a perfect knowledge of the language, and became quite as one of the community, but was unable to introduce amongst them any essential improvements, feeling that his safety depended chiefly on

his conforming exactly to all their habits and customs. The family with which he had long resided was greatly attached to him, and bitterly lamented his leaving them. But he returned with joy to the pale of civilized society, readily obtained a formal pardon from the government, served the office of constable at Melbourne, and is now, we believe, numbered with the dead.

The annals of civilization supply no example of great and rapid progress equal to that afforded by the province of Victoria, a sure indication of which may be gathered from the trade and cattle returns. Though unoccupied by civilized man when the year 1835 commenced, it possessed on January 1, 1849, about 60,000 inhabitants, 16,500 horses, 380,000 head of cattle, 5,500 pigs, and 5,130,000 sheep, live stock which cannot be valued at less than 3,000,000*l.* sterling. It imported also as much British merchandise as the large and long-established kingdom of Spain, and one-fourth as much as the vast empire of Russia. Instances of individual prosperity are on record of the most extraordinary kind, solely the result of untiring industry, combined with the judicious application of effort. An illustration of what has been accomplished by prudence and perseverance with the smallest means, is given by Dr. Lang, from the history of one of his own Scottish countrymen. On arriving at Melbourne, this person had only from five to ten shillings in the world, and that small sum had been earned by some petty service rendered on board ship to one of the cabin-passengers. But he had nine sons and a daughter, of whom the eldest was about twenty years of age, and the youngest in infancy. Labour was high priced at the time; and having no mechanical employment, he engaged himself as a stonemason's labourer, at 2*l.* a-week. Those of his sons who were fit for service of any kind, were also hired at different rates of wages, by different employers. The earnings of the family appear to have been all placed in a common purse, and with their first savings a milch cow was purchased at 12*l.*; another and another being added successively at a somewhat similar rate. Pasture for these cattle on the waste land quite close to the town cost nothing, and there were always children enough otherwise unemployed to tend them; while the active and industrious wife and mother rendered valuable assistance by forming a dairy. In this way, from the natural increase of the cattle, and from successive purchases, the herd had increased in the month of February, 1846, to 400 head; and as this was much too large to be grazed any longer on the adjoining waste land, a squatting station had been sought for and obtained by some of the young men, on the Murray river. "As I happened" says Dr. Lang, "to be spending an afternoon in that month at the house of my worthy friend, John M'Pherson, Esq., of the Moonee Ponds, near Melbourne, the herd was actually pointed out to me as it was passing his house at some distance, under charge of the young men, to their station in the interior."

But the prime advantage of the province is its special adaptation to agricultural and commercial pursuits, owing to a vast extent of arable soil fit for the plough, the greater moisture and cooler temperature of the climate, more permanent water, coal and other minerals in abundance, with a cen-

tral position in the midst of the Australian colonies. Mere pastoral occupations necessitate the dispersion of population, the isolation of families and individuals—a condition of existence always unfavourable to social advance; while irregular habits are the inevitable concomitants of a life of wandering after flocks and herds. On the contrary, agriculture and commerce are directly auxiliary to civilisation, by fixed habitations and regular employment being inseparable from their pursuit, and by requiring the immediate contiguity of numbers to each other, who share the advantages of mutual intercourse, the discipline of friendship and neighbourhood, the restraints of society, and the supervision of public opinion.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, stands on the Yarra Yarra river, at the distance of about seven miles by the stream from its entrance into the spacious bay, or rather inland sea, of Port Phillip. The site, abandoned a few years ago to forest trees, kangaroos, and a few straggling natives, now possesses many commodious public buildings, government offices, churches, hospitals, hotels, and banks, a court-house, custom-house, botanical garden, mechanics' institute, and extensive stores. The most creditable and beautiful structure, Prince's-bridge, crosses the Yarra, with a single arch of 150 feet span, and cost, with the approaches to it, 15,000*l*. The population numbered, at the last census, upwards of 23,000; but owing to recent events, it has been emptied of its inhabitants, who have gone off to the gold fields, although again filled to overflowing by their return, and the arrival of shoals of emigrants. At present, no new comer should calculate upon finding house-room. The second town in the colony, Geelong, is forty-five miles distant, on the western shore of Port Phillip, and will probably equal or surpass the capital, owing to superior maritime advantages. Port Phillip, now so often named in our newspapers, abounds with real "Blackwall white-bait." It is entered from Bass's Straits by a channel scarcely two miles wide, and then expands into a capacious haven, the opposite shores of which are not discernible from the centre, unless the land lies high.

We must now bid farewell for a season to Australia, having supplied some homely notices of its physical features and industrial resources, with information for the embarking or intending emigrant, calculated to facilitate his passage and promote his welfare. Let him not be surprised or discouraged if, on reaching his destination, the bright anticipations with which he set out pass away, and dissatisfaction is felt with present circumstances, while gloomy apprehensions of the future are indulged. This is a natural and almost universal experience. It arises from the utter strangeness of scenes, objects, and duties; from the realities of his position not answering to previous conceptions; and from obstacles to progress appearing, which had not entered into his calculations, while in a foreign land he is thrown entirely upon his own resources. But if difficulties are encountered in a manly spirit, he may expect to rise superior to them; and becoming prepared by experience to overcome them with greater ease, they will soon cease to have a depressing influence, while the feeling of personal loneliness will be dissipated day by day. One word at parting, addressed to the emigrant class:—"When

thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes.—But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth."

AN UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW WITH ROYALTY.

THE queen and princesses were very fond of sea-bathing, and also sailing about in the yacht, so that, excepting during very boisterous or rainy weather, they daily indulged in one or even both of those diversions. The royal family were called from their beds every morning at five o'clock, in order that they might be out by six. It will be readily imagined that such early hours at Gloucester Lodge produced equally early movements throughout the population of Weymouth, and the shops were opened very regularly at half-past five o'clock; for by six the streets were as thronged with all the fashionables at court, and also by those who were anxious to be thought so, as Regent-street is at present from three till six in the afternoon.

The great attraction was to see the queen and princesses walking from Gloucester Lodge to their bathing-machines, or to cheer them on their embarkation with the king and a select party on board of the royal yacht. These water excursions occurred generally three or four days in every week; and the king in particular was so much attached to them, that the royal family, when embarked, usually passed the whole of the day in sailing about at sea, sometimes at a distance of eight or ten miles from the land, but always within a chain of frigates to protect the yacht from being surprised by the enemy's cruisers.

Although I had not been hitherto in the constant habit of being out at six o'clock, yet here I immediately fell into a practice so general, and out I went accordingly, with all the fashionables of Weymouth. Thus, on the second morning, after a whole night of heavy rain, I sallied forth to walk on the Esplanade, in the hope of seeing the queen and princesses on their way to bathe. In proceeding along a cross street, my steps were for a few moments arrested to look into the window of a caricature shop, where amongst those prints were several of the royal family, but particularly some of the king, and others of the queen (Charlotte). I had not been standing there many minutes, intermixed with several other persons, when I heard from behind me a voice repeating, "The queen, the queen," which induced me to search with increased diligence throughout the caricatures in the window for one of the queen, to which I had thought the voice from behind me had alluded, but in which I was unsuccessful. At this moment, the various clocks beginning to strike six, reminded me that unless I hastened forward I should be too late to see the royal ladies proceeding to their bathing-machines. I immediately began to move on, still, nevertheless, keeping my eyes fixed upon the window in search of the queen. I had not, however, taken two steps in that way, without looking before me, when I felt that I had come in

contact with a female, whom, to save her and myself from falling, I encircled with my arms; and at the same moment, having observed that the person whom I had so embraced was a little old woman, with a small black silk bonnet, exactly similar to those now commonly worn by poor and aged females, and the remainder of her person was covered by a short, plain, scarlet cloth cloak, I exclaimed "Halloo, old lady, I very nearly had you down." In an instant, I felt the old lady push me from her with energy and indignation, and I was seized by a great number of persons, who grasped me tightly by the arms and shoulders, whilst a tall stout fellow, in a scarlet livery, stood close before my face, sharply striking the pavement with the heavy ferule of a long golden-headed cane, his eyes flashing fire, and loudly repeating: "The queen—the queen—the queen, sir!"

"Where?—where?—where?" I loudly retorted, greatly perplexed and even irritated, as I anxiously cast an inquisitive look about me, amongst the thirty or forty persons by whom I was surrounded.

"I am the queen!" sharply exclaimed the old lady.

I instantly perceived the voice proceeded from the little old lady whom I had so unceremoniously embraced, and had addressed with such impertinent familiarity.

On this discovery, I did not totally lose my presence of mind; for without the delay of a moment I fell on one knee, and seizing the hem of the queen's dress, was about to apply it to my lips, after the German fashion, stammering out at the same time the best apology I was able to put together on so short a notice; when the queen, although I believe much offended, and certainly not without cause, softened her irritated features, and said, as she held out to me the back of her right hand:—

"No, no, no, you may kiss my hant. We forgive; you must pee more careful: fery rute—fery rute, intee; we forgive; there, you may go."—*Recollections of Col. Landmann.*

HORTICULTURAL PALACES AND GARDENS.

THE conservatories of the Horticultural and Botanical Societies, the palm-house in the Botanical Gardens at Kew, and especially the conservatory at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, the seat of his grace the Duke of Devonshire, at once present themselves to our minds in connexion with the subject of our paper. The "Crystal Palace," which forms the wonder of princely Chatsworth, is a conservatory of glass, covering several acres, and securing in its ample inclosure all the climates the earth knows, with land and water to meet the wants of all vegetable growth. But the orangery also at Chatsworth is a horticultural celebrity, with its perfumed attractions and rich beauty. Before we speak of the enormous glasshouse itself, a few words of the orangery will only be introductory. It is a noble room, 108 feet in length, 27 feet in breadth, and 21 feet in elevation. The structure is remarkable for containing the trees of the empress Josephine, reared and cultivated by her own hand at Malmaison. The fragrance of these richly loaded leaves, and the splendour of the fruit, are

most grateful to the senses. A splendid *Rhododendron arboretum* lately grew in this building. This glorious plant in one year bore more than 2000 roseate flowers, thus forming in itself a real bower of roses. "We passed," says a recent visitor, "to the apartments of flowers. The extent, the variety, the beauty, the magnificence cannot be pictured. You are decoyed along, almost unconscious of the change, till you find your feet treading silently on the velvet lawn, soft, verdant, fresh, enriched and cooled by the unseen spray thrown from the many jets, or sent abroad from the giant cascades, far above the palace, as if to defy the scorching heat and draught of the seasons, and to secure ever-continued freshness to these gardens of beauty and scenes of science and art."

You approach the conservatory by a romantic ravine, surrounded by scenery imitative of nature in her wildest aspect. This magnificent and unexampled structure has a central curved or arched roof, 67 feet high, with a span of 70 feet, resting on two rows of iron pillars, 28 feet high. Floral and all the choice productions of the varying latitudes, have here their native soil and genial temperature, adapted to the nature and necessities of each species; and every part of the globe has become tributary to this countless collection of vegetable growth. The form of the immense edifice is a parallelogram of 2,707 feet by 123. In the year 1845, her majesty Queen Victoria, and her court rode through Chatsworth conservatory in six carriages drawn by eight horses each, with the other accessories of state. Very recent experience has shown that magnificent as is the Duke of Devonshire's palace of glass, it has been outdone in grandeur and nobleness of architecture and spaciousness by the celebrated "Crystal Palace." With the new palm-house erected at Kew most of our readers are doubtless familiar; it also forms a formidable rival of the Devonshire conservatory.

Having duly recognised the leading palaces of glass in our own country, we may with the more complacency look around and acknowledge the existence of similar vitreous edifices devoted to exotic botany, belonging to foreign nations. The autocrat of Russia has, in the imperial gardens at St. Petersburg, a palm-house, so to call it, the construction of which presented, we are told, to the French horticulturist, Maudin, "considerable engineering difficulties." It was required that this hothouse, when completed, should be raised in its entirety, bodily launched in fact, to be placed on its destined foundation. The conservatory was built and made in complete readiness in a short space of time; just as much time indeed as is allowed tropical plants for exposure, without the danger of sustaining fatal injury, to the cold air of a northern climate, like that of St. Petersburg. The work was commenced in the month of May, and by the month of November the house was finished, and the plants comfortably domiciliated.

The Parisian conservatories deserve mention on account of their capaciousness and general completeness. One of these hothouses is situated in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and is always an object of interest and curiosity; the other edifice ornaments the *Jardin d'Hiver* in the *Champs Elysées*; it recommends itself, like its contemporary, by its skillful and elegant construction. The classically

modelled conservatory attached to the "Apothecaries' Hall" of Paris, possesses important scientific attributes, comprehending whatever is known in the art of heating and forcing for horticultural purposes.

We have now to speak of a novelty in horticulture, more remarkable, perhaps, than any yet referred to in this article. Not yet have the great and wealthy in England or France introduced into their mansions the kind of structure we are about to describe. The magnates of Russia possess a peculiar kind of conservatory, only to be found in the houses of the Russian gentry. It is a sort of factitious or superficial garden, always placed in some convenient recess of the saloon or drawing-room. Three cases of plants are inclosed in their beds by glass, as may be observed in cucumber beds; but the elevation of these little kiosque-looking gardens permits the access of one or two persons at a time towards them. The plants and flowers are protected by a trellis-work or internal palisade of gilded wood. Around these elegant floral boudoirs the ivy creeps, while other parasitical plants wind about the trellis-work, producing a wild luxuriant effect pleasing to look upon, contrasted as it is with the situation of the artificial garden, in some large and well-furnished drawing-room, which the gilded cornices of an elaborately worked ceiling, the burnished candelabra, and the ornate and massive furniture render sufficiently striking to the eye. But the verdure and freshness imparted by the *alternas*, as the kiosque conservatory is termed, are additional luxuries, and the Russian ladies delight to enjoy them when at home in their domestic interiors. The *alternas* is said to be an importation from Asia.

Prussia has a claim to our notice by reason of the attention paid in that country to gardening. The Kroll winter garden, at Berlin, is a magnificent and an almost entirely new structure. A spacious hall conducts us through a vestibule to the garden. Elegant staircases of ironwork lead to a corridor, and a spacious saloon, which has a length of 80 feet by 36 feet of breadth, and is 26 feet high. The walls, etc., are painted gold, white, and red, and the ceiling has cassettes which surround fresco paintings. By a colomade which divides the saloons—for there are two—the saloon called the King's Saloon is reached. This apartment has a length of 100 feet by 78 feet broad, and is 40 feet high. Six chandeliers spread the light of 900 gas tapers over the space. The walls and ceiling are ornamented in the *Renaissance* style of architecture. A third apartment of this fine edifice is devoted to the purposes of horticulture, and is called the Knight's Saloon, and is of the same dimensions as the saloon last alluded to. The whole of the apartments are supplied with the most tasteful and scientific arrangement of plants and shrubs, and the effect of the *tout ensemble* is described as being delightfully refreshing.

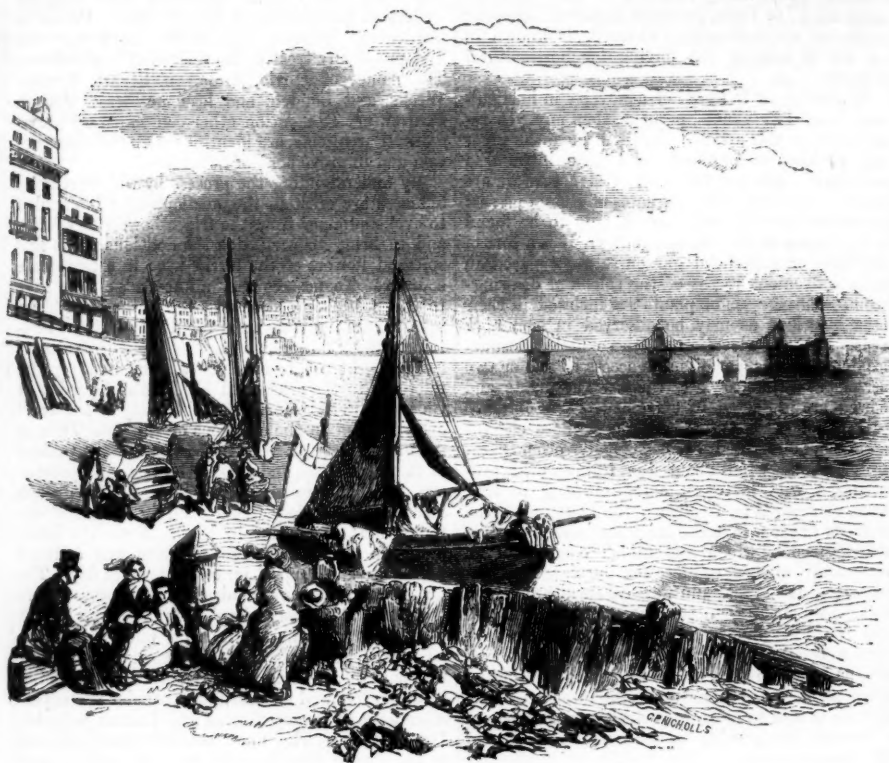
The origin of conservatories deserves to be glanced at. Botanic gardens were first established in Italy. Leyden boasted the first conservatory, which was erected by Lecluse, in 1599. Leyden's Italian garden possessed the high approval of Linnæus. The subject of solar influences in ripening fruits was first treated by the pen in England by a Dedouillier, a Frenchman, about the

year 1699; Sir Thomas More and other English writers on horticulture followed. The "Prince of Gardeners," however, was Miller; he it was who first practically treated the science of horticulture. The names of Hoyle, Anderson, Stuart, Jorden, Weeks, and Loudon, and last, not least, Joseph Paxton, not to mention other contemporary horticultural architects, are identified with the construction and improvement of hothouses.

By understanding the process by which artificial climates are created, the horticulturist is enabled to evoke summer from the frigid bowels of winter, and to bring to perfection the delicious fruits and splendid flowers of the torrid zone in a temperate country. To possess such a knowledge is to give to the possessor command over nature, enabling man to realize the desire of the divine lyricist, "Sustain me with flowers, strengthen me with fruits."

We ought not to conclude without making due reference to the celebrated horticultural garden at Chiswick. The "Horticultural Society of London" owes its rise to the exertions of the late Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., who was the first president of the association, and also to the taste and patronage, in all that concerned gardening, of Sir Joseph Banks. The society was formed in 1804, and obtained a royal charter in 1809. From the latter date, the society has enjoyed great and eminent patronage and support up to the present day. The Chiswick garden was acquired by the association in the year 1824. The society's "Transactions" show that the garden has in its time undergone some adverse vicissitudes. Latterly, however, a specific rather than a merely general object in gardening has been followed and carried out under the superintendence of an experienced and learned botanist, Dr. Lindley. The most beneficial consequences to the science have resulted, and our readers need not to be told that the horticultural gardens at Chiswick, with their conservatories, rosaries, and plantations, are unequalled as bearing the character of a favourite resort in the summer months.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbour, that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed, but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy, for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.—Isaak Walton.



A DAY OR TWO AT BRIGHTON.

THE city of Brighton claims precedence over every other watering-place on the English coast, as well on the score of the general patronage it has enjoyed and yet enjoys, as on account of its superiority in point of extent and architectural display. Its history presents one of those social phenomena which could only be developed in a country abounding in wealth, and among a class to whom luxury is a necessity. Its rise has been as sudden as its success has been decisive. Less than a century ago, it was little more than an obscure fishing town, with some dilapidated remains of fortifications, which it had been provoked to erect by occasional hostile attacks on the part of the French, but which had been suffered to fall into decay. At the present moment, it is a large and magnificent city, occupying a site of nearly three miles in extent, and possessing a population of upwards of 60,000 persons. The first step towards effecting this marvellous transformation was taken, perhaps unconsciously, by a physician of the name of Russell, who, about a hundred years ago, moved to Brighton, and recommended his example to persons of rank, his patients. Ten years after, a chalybeate spring was discovered at Wick, a mile westward of the town, and Brighton rose gradually in repute. As early as the year 1770 it had become the sum-

mer residence of a limited circle of fashionables, and we find Mrs. Thrale among them, who was here visited by Dr. Johnson, followed in all probability by the talk-provoking Boszy, and other less amusing satellites who revolved around the burly lexicographer. Soon after this, the Duke of Cumberland took up his temporary abode here, an example which was followed by other members of the royal family.

But the prosperity of Brighton, and its rapid growth to a gay and brilliant city, are almost exclusively due to the predilection suddenly conceived in its favour by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. "The finest gentleman in Europe" paid a visit to his uncle in 1782, and, becoming enamoured of the place, afterwards took up his residence at Grove House, which, under his direction, was subsequently enlarged and altered into the famous Pavilion. Here he constantly spent a good portion of the summer season; and here he was visited and surrounded by the companions and instigators of his youthful follies and vices—from the intellectual colossus, Sheridan, to the insolent and witty achiever of coat-collars, Beau Brummel. The patronage of the heir to the throne had an immediate and surprising effect upon the fortunes of the town. No sooner did it become apparent that he had chosen Brighton as a permanent marine residence, than the place began

to expand as if by enchantment. In 1782, the population was under 4000; before the close of the century it had more than doubled, and the buildings had become on all sides so numerous that the Steyne, formerly an open slope of grass land towards the sea, had become inclosed. Brighton became the rage in all fashionable and would-be fashionable circles. Every recurring season witnessed an increased influx of visitors; and, as fast as they came, new accommodations of a more pretentious and luxurious character were prepared for their reception. This abnormal increase in population and prosperity continued to advance year by year. The Chain Pier was erected in 1823, and the fine church of St. Peter in 1824; the old Block House was removed, and King's-road completed in 1825; the direct line of road from the eastern to the western cliff was opened in 1826; and subsequently a substantial bulwark against the encroachments of the sea, extending from the Marine Parade to Kemp Town, was constructed at the cost of 100,000*l*. It might have been thought that a prosperity so sudden in its rise was destined to a decay almost as sudden; but Brighton appears to contain the elements of permanency within itself. The accession of the favouring prince to the throne, and his protracted absence from the Pavilion, had but a trifling effect upon the rising prosperity of the city; nor did the death of the royal patron in 1830, or the later and final abandonment of Brighton as a royal residence, cause any very perceptible pause either in the progress of improvements or in the extension of the boundaries of the place. Building is still going on in every available quarter, and within the last six or seven years additions have been made in the neighbourhood of the railway station alone, nearly amounting to a new town.

We arrived at Brighton by an evening train from Hastings, after a pleasant ride of two hours, and next morning strolled towards the Pavilion, whose fanciful peaks rising above the trees challenged our attention as we sat at breakfast. It is not very easy to give a stranger an adequate idea of this singular building, the numerous summits of which are each crowned with an onion-shaped dome terminating in a point, like the fool's-cap of old times, but wanting the bells. These domes are interspersed with slender columns, having spear-like heads pointing to the sky and supporting nothing. Altogether it is a strange design, which has in its time provoked a great deal of criticism, most of it not very complimentary. Perhaps this is partly owing to the Pavilion being a perfect novelty in architecture, and comparable to nothing which has been reared in this country either before or since. We are not disposed to denounce it with that unqualified censure with which many good judges have spoken of it. If it have the fault of incomprehensibility, it has at least the merit of airiness and lightness; and it can hardly be condemned for violating architectural rules by which it has no claim to be judged. It was commenced in 1784, it is said from a design by Nash, and was finished in three years. But the original erection was soon found too small, and various alterations, enlargements, and inclosures took place up to the year 1817. As the residence of their royal patron, it was long the pet and the

boast of the inhabitants of Brighton; but no sooner was it rejected by her present Majesty as a marine residence, than the process of spoliation commenced, and the interior began to fall into a state of dilapidation! In 1849, a bill was brought into Parliament to enable the Crown to sell the Pavilion, and to devote the proceeds to the improvement of Buckingham Palace. This led to a negotiation between the Brighton authorities and the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests, which ended in the purchase of the Pavilion by the former for 53,000*l*. It is now, therefore, the property of the town, and the beautiful grounds are freely thrown open to the inhabitants—a boon in itself worth all the money paid for its purchase. The Pavilion is now open to view to the public at a charge of sixpence for admission, and to the rate-payers one day in every month gratuitously. We paid our sixpence and made the tour of the rooms. The exhibition is decidedly cheap, and in one sense instructive, seeing that it shows all that a petty taste can accomplish, even with unlimited means at its command. It is not, however, without a certain barbaric splendour, which is impressive in a melodramatic way. One is agreeably deceived to find rooms of such noble extent and loftiness beneath a roof of bristling peaks and pepper-boxes, and we become almost reconciled to the anomalous appearance of the domes without, on seeing the agreeable effect some of them are made to produce within. Thus, in the banqueting-room, the design of the dome is a plantain-tree rising into the sky, with a noble chandelier hanging from its branches; and again, in the music-room, the dome is lined with a glittering green tinsel of a delightful hue, and a brilliancy quite startling. The decorations of the various chambers are in what we suppose must be called the oriental style, though one hardly knows whether to look for Aladdin with his lamp, or a mandarin with a long tail, as the most appropriate figure for such a scene. There is everywhere a profusion of gilding and silvering, and mirrors, some of them of enormous size, and there is a great deal too much of positive colour, both in the drapery and on the walls, for the requirements of good taste. But the worst offence of all is the prevalence of monsters of all shapes and colours, which would appear to be the presiding genii of the place. You have bronzed serpents at your feet, and horrible dragons over-head; boa-constrictors twist themselves round the pillars, and birds of prey soar among the lights; and in the music-room, the finest chamber of the series, there is actually a monster griffin, or something of the sort, surmounting the chandelier. The people of Brighton plume themselves on having restored the palace to the condition in which it was left by the last residing sovereign. It might have been none the worse had the restoration not been so complete.

From the Pavilion to the sea-side is but a few minutes' walk, and a few minutes more bring us to the Chain Pier, a light and elegant structure of iron which runs out into the sea, immediately fronting the New Steyne, to the distance of something more than 1100 feet. It cost 30,000*l*. in construction, and has proved a work of great utility to the town, as well as a select and agreeable promenade for visitors. A toll of twopence is demanded at

the entrance, which is found sufficient to secure a respectable class of promenaders. This pier is built on the principle of the suspension bridge, having four handsome iron towers, at the distance of two hundred feet apart, to support the chains; it terminates in a broad and roomy square platform, shaded with awnings in summer time, and amply provided with seats. From this platform there is a complete panoramic view of Brighton, taking in the whole sea-front of the town from east to west. A more luxurious spot for enjoying the sea-breeze in the dog-days could hardly be selected. Sheltered from the sun, fanned by the west wind, and lulled into dreaminess by the strains of an excellent band of musicians, who perform here at times for a couple of hours—we have no wish to wander further, but quietly yield ourselves to the delights of the hour. Pleasure-boats are abroad on the clear green waters; their white sails belly to the breeze, and between the pauses of the music we hear the merry voices of the voyagers calling to friends on the pier. Watermen hail us to come on board of their boats, and ladies and gentlemen, tempted by the weather, dive down below to the landing-place, and embark for a ride on the billows. The pier, however, is not solely devoted to pleasure. The interior of each of the iron towers is fitted up as a shop for the sale of fancy articles, among which the most prominent, and the most expensive, are the various useful and ornamental trifles manufactured from pebbles picked up on the beach, and cut and polished for various purposes. Some of these are extremely beautiful, but the labour of cutting and polishing is not always repaid to the workman, who may spend much time on a worthless specimen before he discovers its want of value; and this renders the finer specimens so much the more expensive. These pebbles are much worn as broaches, bracelets, and necklaces, many exquisite samples of which may be seen in the jewellers' windows. The Chain Pier has suffered once or twice from the effects of severe storms. In October, 1833, damage was done to a considerable amount; and on the 29th of November, 1836, while the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, one of the centre bridges began vibrating, and soon, snapping short the iron rods which bore it up, fell into the boiling surge. Measures have since been taken which it is supposed will prevent the recurrence of such a calamity; if these measures be sufficient to prevent vibration, they may be successful—if not, the first violent and enduring tempest will show their futility.

From the Pier we ascend again to the Parade, and extend our walk eastward along the sea-wall in front of the long rows of lofty palatial residences which characterize Kemp Town. There are few finer buildings than these to be met with in any city in the kingdom; they are to Brighton what Belgravia is to London—and, like Belgravia, they stand in almost voiceless and dignified seclusion, aloof from the din of traffic and the pursuits of commerce. The visitor, however, who should form an idea of Brighton from the brilliant face which it presents to the sea, in one unbroken line of near three miles in length, from the extremity of Kemp Town east to Adelaide Crescent west, would come to a very erroneous conclusion. Like all great towns, it has its comfortless, demoralized,

and poverty-stricken districts. Wherever luxury and wealth condescend to dwell, there poverty and crime are pretty sure to congregate; and the haunts of these latter are fully as plentiful in Brighton as in any other city of equal extent; but they retire from the fashionable gaze, and lying back from the sea-board, and mostly on the high grounds in the rear, have the advantage over kindred spots in London, of light and fresh air. Of the importance of air and exercise to the inhabitants the authorities of the city appear to be well aware, if one may judge by the throwing open of the Pavilion gardens, and the free use of the square in which stands the elegant fountain, where children of all classes are allowed to play: either of these places in the heart of London would be infallibly tabooed and locked up from public intrusion, or reserved for the recreation of a privileged class.

In a town which has grown up almost within the memory of man, the antiquarian will, of course, not expect to meet with much to interest him. Still the parish church of St. Nicholas, which stands on a commanding site at the western end of Church-street, and which was probably built in the reign of Henry VII, should not be passed over. It presents nothing remarkable in its exterior—appearing to have been enlarged since its original erection; and, though spacious and convenient within, boasts of but one unquestionable antiquity. This is the font—a curious specimen of ancient sculpture, supposed to have been brought from Normandy in the reign of the Conqueror, though some have contended that it is of Saxon origin. It is a sculptured column-shaped vase, reared on a plain circular platform; the sculpture represents the supper of our Lord with the apostles, but the whole is much worn by time as well as defaced by carelessness or wantonness. In the old churchyard, however, there is something more attractive—to wit, the tombs of two remarkable characters, both patriots in their way. The one is a slab of black marble to the memory of Captain Nicholas Tettersell, who, it will be remembered, on the 14th of October, 1651, received the fugitive Charles II, after his defeat at Worcester, on board his brig, and carried him safely over to Normandy in spite of the vigilance of the republican cruisers. As a recompense for his loyalty he received at the Restoration an annuity of 100*l.* a year. The history of his patriotic deed is engraved on his tomb, and a long inscription of very laudatory and very doggerel rhymes immortalizes his memory. The other tomb is that of Phoebe Hessel, who was born in 1713; she served for many years in a regiment of foot in different parts of Europe, and was wounded by a bayonet at the battle of Fontenoy while fighting under the command of the Duke of Cumberland. She spent the latter part of her life in Brighton, where George IV allowed her for many years a weekly stipend, and she died in 1821, at the age of 108 years. Among the remaining churches of Brighton, the handsome Gothic structure of St. Peter, which stands at the junction of the London and Lewes roads, is the most remarkable. It was built in 1824, at a cost of 15,000*l.*; and from its admirable site, and finished style of architecture, it forms one of the most striking ornaments of the city. There are at least a dozen other churches and chapels of ease for episcopal service, none of

which demands particular attention, and which therefore we need not enumerate.

At the back of the eastern part of the town, almost in a direct line north of the Chain Pier, lies the Park. Here a somewhat singular establishment, under the name of the German Spa, invites the attention of the dyspeptic and the valetudinarian. The waters of Carlsbad, of Ems, of Marienbad, etc., are here scientifically compounded by artificial means, and, professedly, in such perfection as not to be distinguishable, either in flavour or effect, from the original springs. If this be the case, then all the invalid requiring these waters has to do is to go to Brighton instead of Nassau, and save himself the trouble and expense of a foreign journey. This is bringing the mountain to Mahomet—and if the end is answered just as well, of which we do not pretend to form any judgment, the faculty of Brighton will of course reap the profit of it. The Park is elegantly laid out, and adorned with some handsome villas; but its proximity to the sea is unfavourable to the growth of fine trees, in which the neighbourhood of the coast is invariably deficient. If Brighton go on increasing for many years longer, at the rate it has hitherto done, some of her citizens may live to see the Park in the centre of the town.

Following the road which skirts the eastern wall of the Park, we arrive in due time at the race-course, and the high downs which overlook the sea. Here a most extensive and varied prospect rewards the trouble of the ascent. Seaward the view is bounded only by the horizon, and the broad expanse, spotted with white sails and streaked with long lines of cloud shadow, lies apparently motionless, like a polished mirror, reflecting the sky; while on the right, in the hollow valley beneath, the city we have just left pours forth from her thousand chimneys a volume of smoke that might almost rival "Auld Reekie" herself. We are now no longer left to guess at the actual size of Brighton; the city is mapped out before our eyes, and at one glance we take in everything, from the handsome viaduct of the railway down to the beach where the fishermen are hauling in their nets, or hanging them out to dry. It is easy to see that these downs form one of the many attractions of Brighton. Gentlemen on prancing steeds, and ladies in riding habits, are galloping about in all directions, probably in search of an appetite, which the bracing air of this elevated spot will be pretty sure to produce; at any rate it has that effect upon ourselves, and we accordingly wend hotelwards to a late dinner, which puts an end to our rambling for the day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SINGER OF EISENACH.

It was a winter evening in the year 1498. The hoar frost lay white on plain and forest, and a heavy mist was rolling down from the Thuringian mountains on the ancient town of Eisenach, while the broad red sun, now low in the west, gleamed fitfully on the homes and churches of the little city. There were few passengers in its narrow streets, but the firelight flashed brightly from door and window. The din of loom and hammer, mingled with the

sounds of domestic preparation, came from every dwelling; for the good wives of Eisenach were getting ready their German supper, and the rest of its industrious population were hasting to finish the work of the day. All that machinery now accomplishes, and much that commerce brings ready-made to European doors, was there executed by the hands of the craftsman or the labour of the household; Eisenach, like other old country burghs, had therefore few idlers among its people in those days. Even in the great square of St. George, where the richest families lived, there was not a looker-out to be seen at the windows, except Dame Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, master of the guild of woollen weavers.

Dame Ursula was the admiration and envy of many a neighbour, for the blessings of this world which seemed showered upon her. She was the only daughter of a distinguished burgomaster, well beloved, richly dowered, and wedded to the husband of her choice, a just and kindly man, who was, moreover, the wealthiest citizen of Eisenach. She had health, beauty, and fair fame; and was then a young wife, happy in her pleasant home, with her infant son and her loving husband. Dame Ursula was also somewhat vain of the damask kirtle and veil of Flemish lace, in which she heard mass or vespers; of the scarlet gown and golden chain in which her husband led the guild in holiday and festival processions; and of the workshop with twenty looms, which occupied almost the whole of the lower story of that large timber house, wherein four generations of Cottas had lived and died. Conrad usually presided there; but that evening he sat in council with the chiefs of the guild, on a point of dispute between them and the woolcombers' company, which threatened the peace of the city; and his wife expected him home with two of his latest and wealthiest friends, Hans Gortland the burgomaster and Doctor Ambrosius the dean, who were to sup with the Cottas.

Matters were fully arranged for the reception of those important guests, and great was the display of domestic magnificence. The venison pasty was baked and the ale spiced; the great gilt tankard, the silver-rimmed drinking-horns, and the plates of English pewter, stood forth in fair array on the long table of walnut-wood, with carved stools ranged on each side of it; a bright wood-fire blazed in the ample chimney, and shone on the tapestried walls and floor of polished oak; for the room in which Dame Ursula stood was her best parlour.

The narrow window of thin horn, interspersed with diminutive squares of glass, afforded but an uncertain view in the gathering darkness. Dame Ursula opened it, and looked over the quiet square. There was no trace of her husband or his friends; but through the deepening twilight came a clear young voice, singing a German version of the forty-sixth psalm, "God is our refuge." Ursula had heard it sung in many a church, but she thought never so sweetly; and, as the singer came nearer, she perceived that he was one of the poor scholars from the neighbouring Augustine convent, who were accustomed to sing every evening in the streets of Eisenach for what the charitable or pious were disposed to give. In most cases this was their only means of subsistence. The convent

afforded them lodging and education in return for all manner of domestic service, but they were expected to find their own bread; and being generally the sons of poor parents, who lived far away in the country, they had no resource but that of singing hymns and carols in the streets of the nearest town. The same causes which led to the large increase of monasteries, had latterly augmented the numbers and diminished the good repute of the poor scholars. Even charitable people remarked that they learned importunate begging and vagrant ways. The magistrates and city guards looked on them as so many nuisances, while wise and observing men saw in them only a growing harvest of those mendicant friars by whom all Europe was overrun at the period.

Ursula remarked that the boy seemed a new comer, and looked more poverty-stricken than the other scholars of the convent. He was thinly clad, and scarcely fifteen; but there was an air of rustic respectability and diffidence about him ill calculated to succeed in his present vocation. He had approached the first house in the square; it was that of Doctor Ambrosius the dean, and stood opposite the parish church. The door was open, and having sung a few verses, the dame, still bending from her window, heard him ask, in a timid broken voice, for some bread or beer to help the poor scholar. Old Gretchen, the housekeeper, had that day lost her cat, and got into bad temper; so that scarcely was the humble request uttered when she slammed the door in the poor boy's face, ordering him to be gone with his psalms and begging, for there were too many of his sort in Eisenach.

The boy staggered back at her rude repulse. It was the third he had met with that evening—for two hours he had sung in the streets, but obtained nothing; and now the worn-out child moved silently away, and leaned against the porch of the church. Dame Ursula's house had been grievously pestered by the poor scholars. In common with most of the good wives of the city, she would have felt thankful if tempers like that of old Gretchen had driven them completely from the town; but as the firelight from the cheerful homes around him shone on the boy's face, it had a desolate, hungry look that smote upon her heart. She thought of her own infant son, now fast asleep in his cradle. Might not he also be poor, and a stranger in some far-off town; there were tales of as great reverses; and rising hastily, the young mother filled up a pewter flagon of the warm ale, took a small loaf from the supper bread, and hurried down to the door of the hall or great kitchen.

"Come, child," said she, stepping out with that welcome present; "here is some supper for you. Come in and eat it by the fire, and you will sing us a psalm before you go home to the convent."

The boy took the loaf and flagon from her hands. He tried to speak, but Dame Ursula saw that the tears were gathering in his large blue eyes, and led him in to the stone bench by the great kitchen fire, which blazed and crackled on the broad hearth. The servants who had assembled for supper, and the weavers who poured in from the workshop—for, in the fashion of those times, all whom Conrad Cotta employed formed part of his household—were surprised to see their mistress give such countenance to a poor scholar;

but they gathered round to hear what news or gossip he could tell—the boys of the convent being famous for knowing all that happened in the principality. To their many inquiries, the boy, who had by this time recovered himself, answered that he was a stranger; that his parents lived far away, and were poor miners; that his name was Martin, and he had come to the convent with his father and mother's blessing, hoping to be made a scholar and a good priest some day. The weavers laughed loudly at the last of his expectations, and Peterkin, the wit of the workshop, inquired if he "wouldn't rather be an archbishop?" But Dame Ursula, who ruled her husband's household discreetly notwithstanding her youth, commanded them to be silent and civil when a stranger sat by the fire, and give thanks for their supper.

"A sound advice, wife; and one we are right ready to take," said the deep but cheerful voice of Conrad Cotta, as he bustled into his own dwelling, followed by the dean and burgomaster at a pace befitting their superior rank. The only entrance to the tapestried chamber, or best parlour, of a wealthy citizen in those days was through the great kitchen, where ordinary meals and sundry domestic operations were conducted; and his men and maids, now taking their places at the long table, which almost bent under the weight of barley cakes, cheese, and strong beer, did reverence to their master and his guest. The burgomaster nodded solemnly in reply to their salutations; Doctor Ambrosius muttered a Latin benediction; and Conrad said, "A good supper to ye, children;" but as the poor scholar's modest bow caught his eye a frown darkened on the good man's face.

"You are one of these convent boys who trouble the town, and have given us such a job with the woolcombers," cried he, in sudden anger; for Conrad's temper was quicker than his judgment at times. "Sirrah, was it you who stole old Jasper's cards and combs, and laid the blame on our weaver boys, with your fine stories?"

"Husband, the boy is a stranger," said Ursula, "and too modest to be guilty of such things."

"Ay, they're all modest when they get into good honest houses, I'll warrant," interrupted the burgomaster; "but one of them shall not be suffered to sing in the town for a twelvemonth; and, dame," he added, with an admonishing look, "it might be well that they were less encouraged."

"I never stole cards or combs," said the boy, setting down his flagon, with a crimson cheek and a flashing eye; "I never told tales of any one. My father is an honest miner: though we were poor, he brought me up like a Christian, and I would never sing at doors if I were not hungry."

"A proud boy, indeed!" said Doctor Ambrosius, smiling. "Don't be too hard with him, Conrad: he may come to a cardinal's hat yet. Pope John, they say, begged in his time." And with a laugh at the dean's joke, in which even the grave burgomaster joined, Conrad and his guests went up to their supper room; while Ursula gently bid the boy finish his supper, saying she was sure he had stolen nothing, and there would always be some bread and beer for him when he sang at their door. Cheered by her kindly words more than by the supper she had given him, the poor scholar drained the flagon, deposited a remnant of the loaf in his

wallet for the benefit of less successful schoolfellows, and took his way to vespers at the convent. Ever after, in the cold evenings, Ursula had a welcome and a supper for the stranger boy. At first he came seldom, and only when he could obtain bread at no other house; but the dame knew his voice in the square, and beckoned to him from her window, or called him in at the door. Conrad, too, began to perceive that there was a difference between the miner's son and the rest of the convent boys, against whom the burgomaster's threat was not yet put into execution. He would never think of taxing him with a stolen utensil, or a street disturbance. Even with the rude weavers and servants the poor scholar grew popular. There was not a better singer in the monastery, nor one more thoroughly versed in the old hymns and carols; and though modest and pious, he had a ready wit and a species of learning which delighted those rustic minds. Many a morality and saint's tale had he related for their edification; when, one evening, at the beginning of summer, young Martin stepped in to say that he was going to learn greater things in a distant convent. All the household, including Peterkin the wit, hoped he would do well, and come to be a good priest yet, which the older men said was a thing not over plentiful just then in the country. Dame Ursula gave him many good advices, besides a loaf and a groschen. Conrad bestowed upon him an old woollen gown, with a declaration that the other scholars should be sent out of town as soon as he was gone; and singing, at the special desire of these good friends, the old Thuringian carol of "We are Pilgrims all," with the twenty-third psalm in Latin, the poor scholar departed from Eisenach.

Twenty-three years never pass without change over house or head, city or people; and so many springs and harvests had passed over the peaceful old German burgh, carrying its story far into another century; for it was a Sabbath morning in the winter of 1521. Since the poor scholar sung in the square of St. George, strong men had grown grey and stooping, girls that once were fair had turned staid and substantial matrons, infants had become tall youths and maidens; but greater changes had been brought upon the land. A light, unknown to their fathers, had flashed on the homes and churches of Germany; doubts long working in the minds of thoughtful men at length spoke out, making priests and princes hear. The veil of awful mystery which for ages had covered papal palace and cloister cell had been rent, giving to the people sights of corruption and iniquity never to be forgotten. Cities cast away their creeds, and universities their learning. The miracle play and the holiday procession were neglected by the populace; for young and old crowded to hear the preachers of the new doctrines; and everywhere prince, scholar, and peasant talked of nothing but an ancient book called the bible, and one who had brought it to light among them, whom they named Martin Luther. It was he—the leader of that mighty movement; the man who had questioned the faith of centuries and set the authority of Christendom at naught; solemnly excommunicated by the whole Roman church, and now on his way from the great Diet of Worms, under the ban

of the German empire as a contumacious heretic; it was he who that day proposed to preach in the parish church of Eisenach.

Never had the old Gothic pile been so well filled: peasants with their wives and children had poured in from the surrounding hamlets, and nobles with their trains from the mountain castles; rich citizens were there with their dames, humble artisans with their hard-working helpmates, and mendicant friars half-concealed among the crowd which thronged gallery, nave, and aisle. The chiefs of all the guilds sat in their accustomed places, but Conrad Cotta was not among them. Hans Gortland the burgomaster occupied his wonted seat of honour. Sadly deaf and dull had he grown with years; but still mindful that John Frederick the elector, then lord paramount of Eisenach, favoured the new religion. Close behind a pillar which sheltered him from public gaze, sat Dr. Ambrosius the dean, now white-haired and bending on a staff, but curious to hear the popular heretic, and wondering much what things would come to with the clergy. He had employed his clerk that morning in writing out a declaration for the satisfaction of his spiritual superior, to the effect that he could not help Luther's preaching in the church.

At length the Reformer entered; and all eyes were turned upon the face that had not blanched before prince and prelate, cardinal and kaiser, when they stood in hostile array against the Wittenberg doctor. It was that of a still young man, strong to work and will: traces of early care and great thought-conflicts were on it; but these were over, and the calm brow and fearless glance seemed brightened by the full assurance of faith. As the preacher took his place, a poor and wayworn pair, whom nobody knew or regarded, moved slowly forward and seated themselves on the steps of the pulpit. Their attire was that of the humblest peasants; their hands were hard with toil; and none could recognise in the aged weather-beaten faces the once prosperous Conrad Cotta and his fair wife Ursula. Both had grown old before their time, for strange and sad were the changes wrought upon their fortunes since that first evening of our story, when the dame looked out for her husband and his friends. The infant son had died in fair and promising childhood. Two others had come and grown up only to squander much of their father's well-won wealth in sin and folly, and at length enlist in the emperor's army. A quarrel with the burgomaster brought on a ruinous lawsuit, which utterly impoverished them; an accidental fire consumed the goodly mansion of the Cottas, from workshop to tapestried chamber; and a charge of heresy by Dr. Ambrosius, who took part with the burgomaster, obliged them to fly from the city. Of all their possessions nothing remained to the desolate pair but a poor cottage and a field, which Conrad had purchased in a small hamlet among the Thuringian mountains. Thither they retired; friends forgot and old neighbours lost sight of them, and they laboured for their daily bread like the poor peasants around. The seasons were adverse, Conrad's strength was failing fast, and Ursula's heart was broken; for tidings had reached them some months before that their two sons had fallen in the Italian wars. They had hoped that

the boys might return to support and comfort their old age. They had thought too, with a lingering of former pride, that their sons might redeem the family rank by rising in the military profession, and they might live to hear them called great captains; but all these hopes were stricken down, and their souls had no anchor. Conrad and his wife had been always piously inclined, according to the creed of their fathers. Willingly would they have sought comfort in religion, but the only faith they knew offered none of its highest consolations to the poor. No convent would receive them; they could bring neither rank nor riches. It was not in their power to make pilgrimages to any of the shrines, for being poor and honest they thought it right to journey on their own charges, and it was their greatest grief that they had no money to pay for masses to benefit their lost sons.

"All things are for the rich," said Ursula. "Even the holy church keeps her blessings for them. Yet I have heard say that Christ was poor! What can this new doctor be who speaks so much of him?"

"Our priest says he wants to bring back paganism," said Conrad. "But I hear he preaches much against the covetousness of the clergy. That's true, I'm sure, though it was for saying so that Doctor Ambrosius called me a heretic. Also they tell me he talks wonderfully concerning somewhat called free grace, and that it is to be had without money and without price."

"That would answer us, husband," said Ursula. "They say this doctor will preach next Sunday in Eisenach, and as our good elector has forbidden all search after heretics, let us go and try to hear him."

So the pair went a weary journey, and sat them down on the steps of the pulpit. They had occupied higher places and been saluted by many a non-forgetful neighbour; but these things were forgotten in the wondrous tidings unfolded by the preacher. He told them of the worthlessness of mass, penance, and pilgrimage, and of one mighty to save, who said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That sermon was like dew on the dry ground to their souls. Each thought, "Surely this is truth; we will go home and grieve no more, but trust in the only Saviour, and seek for the city that hath foundations." Their memories had grown faint and confused over many losses, and the name which floated highest on the great controversy had not been recognised; but, when the preacher's voice rose in the psalm, old scenes and days came back upon Ursula, and she knew that the miner's son who had sung long ago in the streets was the same Martin Luther whom the pope excommunicated and the people blessed. It was the psalm too that she had heard through the misty evening. He had sung it with his friends before setting out to meet the threatening Diet; and now, through all the desolations of their latter days, it came to the aged pair like a voice of faith and comfort—"God is our refuge!"

The multitude departed, wondering and talking of what they had heard. Conrad and his wife also turned homeward; but in the porch of the church a hand was laid on Ursula's worn cloak, and turning they saw the preacher.

"Friends," said Luther, "your faces seem familiar and yet changed to my remembrance. Tell me, if it be not too bold to ask, what are your names?"

"We are the Cottas," said Conrad, "who lived, long ago, where yonder tavern now stands, in the good house of our fathers. We have become poor, and our neighbours have forgotten us."

"Alas, friends!" said Luther, "that I have nothing wherewith to return the kindness you showed my youth. Were it not for the charity of those who bear my charges, I might want in this war. The Lord repay them and you also."

"He has repayed us an hundredfold," said Ursula, "and his ways are wonderful; for we divided to you the bread of this world, but you have broken this day the bread of life to us."

So the three parted: Luther went his way only to be shut up in the castle of Wartburg, where he translated the Bible; Conrad and Ursula returned to the cottage, where their neighbours said they never grieved after, nor came to want; for some how Luther's friend, the elector, heard of them. No one in their native city seemed to know that the Cottas had been there; but the mountain peasants, among whom they lived and died, entertained a rude reverence for the pair, because they had been kind to their great Reformer long ago, when he was but a singing boy of Eisenach.

THE HAMAL OR FARLI BEETLE OF SYRIA.

I HAVE often been very much amused, while strolling about the mountainous district in the vicinity of Alexandretta, by watching the untiring and laborious exertions of that peculiar species of insect which, from the nature of its occupation, is nicknamed by the Arabs the *hamal* or *farli* beetle, that is, the *porter* or *labourer* beetle, from the fact of its being almost invariably employed in rolling what, in comparison to its size, must prove weighty burthens; at the same time displaying in all its manoeuvres the utmost skill and judgment, together with indefatigable patience and a marvellous instinct. As the porters at Alexandretta roll the heavier bales and barrels landed from European vessels to the respective warehouses, so do these active little creatures push and tumble over the huge balls of amalgamated substances, which they have first with great care and patience shaped into a convenient form (and which in all probability contain their winter stock of provisions), till they are finally and safely lodged in the subterranean caverns that they inhabit, these being for the most part situated at the root of some of the many fir-trees with which these mountains are thickly set.

This beetle has nothing prepossessing in its appearance: unlike the gold and green-backed beetle of India, whose shell is so eagerly sought after to decorate the thin muslin ball-dresses of young half-caste and Portuguese ladies, the *farli* beetle is a common ugly black insect, much resembling in size and shape that most abominable of all boardship nuisances, a full-grown cockroach. The *farli* (thus let me call it for the sake of brevity) has wings, but it seldom or never makes use of them,

unless indeed to assist it in moving some unusually heavy weight; and then, when its whole energy and strength are put to the test, I have seen the hard horny-looking wing brought into play, and answer much the same purpose as a man's shoulder does when he puts it to the wheel, or against some obstinate unwieldy door. These farlies have their habitations underground, and for the most part choose the roots of old and decaying trees, preferring, for convenience sake, such as are planted close to the high roads frequented by horses, camels, and other cattle. The manure of these animals, the grains of wheat, bits of straw, atoms of flour, and innumerable et ceteras that drop from the sacks with which the caravans are loaded, or the remnants of the fodder for the cattle or of the camel-drivers' frugal dinners, become a source of eager investigation to this beetle tribe: they subsist upon them daily so long as the fine season continues, being careful each day to accumulate as much winter stock as they possibly can, which is carefully laid up against a rainy day.

Many a time, after a long forenoon scramble in search of the haunts of partridges and hares, have I, weary and overpowered by the heat, sought repose at the foot of some stately old fir-tree, whose pleasant shadow held forth an irresistible invitation to the sun-burnt wayfarer; and there have I for hours remained, watching the most minute proceedings of a colony of these beetles. Their busiest season is the autumn, when the sun, whose brilliancy has hardly for an hour been eclipsed during the summer months, now becomes oftentimes shrouded by heavy portentous clouds, full of dark predictions as to the approaching wet season. At this period, these beetles are all activity and life; the young ones content themselves with feasting upon the good things left by the roadside, and have apparently no care or forethought for the future; not so papa and mamma (for they work in couples, and, I presume, are male and female); these are indefatigably employed, brushing together by means of their forceps and feet every imaginable article of food, and when they have raised a little mound sufficient to require their united strength and efforts in transporting it to their home, they industriously set to work in cementing the whole together, which they do partly by the aid of a natural glutinous saliva of which they seem possessed, and partly by adding particles of fresh manure, which helps to form the whole mass into a species of clay, in which also are firmly imbedded grains of wheat and other seeds and et ceteras upon which the insects exist. Thus much being accomplished, the next business of these beetles is to shape this substance into a form the easiest for transportation, and the wonderful instinct of the insect is now manifested by the method it adopts. The male and female bring mouthfuls of fine sand, which they assiduously scatter all over the mass, and which as it hardens helps to strengthen the original cement. This done, they literally stand up to their work, and supported on their hinder legs, bring the other six legs and the wings into action in pushing with all their united strength against the little mound they have raised, having first carefully swept or carried away every bit of gravel that might prove an impediment to their

progress. As the mass is rolled over, it goes on gradually collecting small particles of sand, and finally assumes a perfectly round shape, and becomes of a consistence hard enough to resist fractures or even indentations by falling into a rut or coming in collision with a stone—two events which frequently occur in its transit to the beetles' nest, and the former of which occasions no small labour and fatigue to the poor insects in their endeavour to roll it up to the surface again. When the ball is perfectly shaped and hard, the male and female beetle methodically set to work, the one standing up in front and tugging and pulling it towards it, the other pushing it from behind; the one in front occasionally loses its hold and falls on its back, where it kicks and struggles for several seconds before it can regain its footing; the other seems to miss the force lent to aid it, and runs round inquisitively to see what is amiss. Sometimes a little stone impedes their progress, when they are obliged to change the line of march by a few inches. The ball is finally brought to the mouth of the cavern, and then, by their united efforts being tumbled over, rolls to the bottom, there to remain till the wants of the beetle family require its contents for home consumption. I have seen a couple of these balls, often as large as a good-sized apricot, collected, shaped, and carried a distance of from twelve to thirteen feet by these industrious insects in somewhat less than an hour and a quarter, and I took the trouble to time their movements on more than one occasion.

From November to June you may seek in vain for the farli beetles in their favourite and most frequented haunts; they never show their noses above ground till the heat of the hot sun of July penetrates to their subterranean cells, and warns them that the season for occupation and enjoyment has again returned.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

CHRISTIANS are not so much required to live *out* of the world, as to live *above* it. A hard duty, indeed! yet there is a victory which overcometh the world.

Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.

He that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he may become worse: for vice, virtue, and time never stand still.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Religion is much talked of, but little understood, till a man's conscience is awakened; then a man knows the worth of a soul and the want of a Saviour.

Religion must be our business, then it will be our delight.

Four things a Christian should specially watch after; to be humble and thankful, watchful and cheerful.

If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must sometimes deny ourselves those that are lawful.

If you follow Satan, you will find the tempter prove a tormentor; if you follow the spirit, you will find the Counsellor prove a Comforter.

They that spend their days in faith and prayer, shall end their days in peace and comfort.

Poetry of the Birds.

BIRDS.

Ye birds that fly through the fields of air,
 What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear;
 Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise;
 Ye would bid us all grovelling scenes despise.
 Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
 That pleasure is toil, ambition is pain,
 That its bliss is touch'd with a poisoning leaven;
 Ye would teach us to fix our aim in heaven.

Beautiful birds of lightsome wing,
 Bright creatures that come with the voice of Spring;
 We see you array'd in the hues of the morn,
 Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn!
 Though rainbow-splendour around you glows,
 Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows:
 Oh! what a lesson for glory are ye,
 How ye preach the grace of humility.

Swift birds, that skim o'er the stormy deep,
 Who steadily onward your journey keep,
 Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
 But press still forward, by night or day,
 As in your unwearying course ye fly
 Beneath the clear and unclouded sky;
 Oh! may we, without delay, like you,
 The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds, that breathe the spirit of song,
 And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng,
 Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
 Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,
 You remind us that we should likewise raise
 The voice of devotion and song of praise;
 There's something about you that points on high,
 Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky! c. w. THOMPSON.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
 —"We come from the shore of the green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er the cities, in song renown'd,—
 Silent they lie, with the deserts round!
 We have cross'd prond rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
 All dark with the warrior-blood of old;
 And each worn wing had regain'd its home,
 Under the peasant's roof-tree, or monarch's dome."

And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
 —"We have found a change, we have found a pall,
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
 And a mark on the floor, as of life-drops spilt:
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!"

Oh joyous birds, it hath still been so!
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
 Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—"A change we have found there, and many a change!
 Faces and footsteps and all things strange!
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
 And the young that were, have a brow of care,
 And the place is hush'd where the children play'd:
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!"

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
 Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth!
 Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
 Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
 Ye over desert and deep have pass'd;
 So may we reach our bright home at last!

MRS. HERMAN.

THE SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth, where cares abound;
 Or, while thy wings aspire, art heart and eye
 Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, and music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing,
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale the shady wood;—
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with rapture more divine:
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

WORDSWORTH.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The humming-bird!—the humming-bird,
 So fairy-like and bright;
 It lives among the sunny flowers,
 A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
 Where fragrant spices grow,
 A thousand, thousand humming-birds
 Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
 Scarce larger than a bee,
 Among the dusk palmetto leaves,
 And through the fan-palm tree.

And in the wild and verdant woods,
 Where stately moras tower—
 Where hangs from branching tree to tree
 The scarlet passion-flower—

Where, on the mighty river banks,
 La Platte or Amazon,
 The cayman, like a forest tree,
 Lies basking in the sun—

There builds her nest the humming-bird
 Within the ancient wood,
 Her nest of silky cotton down,
 And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
 Where waves it light and free,
 As the campanero tolls his song,
 And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
 Like to the red, red rose;
 Her wing the changeful green and blue
 That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
 No Winter round thee lours,
 Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
 Nor land without sweet flowers!

A reign of Summer joyfulness
 To thee for life is given:
 Thy food, the honey in the flower,
 Thy drink, the dew from heaven.

MARY HOWITT.